**The Gift**

**Chapter 6**

**Black Power**

Waiting at the bus stop, I considered my latest transformation and how different it had been. I had been changed into a fantasy or a memory in many different ways, and no matter how contrary the changes may have been to my reality, I was into it and “remembered” it as if it was part of my own dream come true also. So now I knew what it was like to be a hard ass guy. I sure know what I want to avoid in a bar if I encounter one of those guys in the future. I also know that any lady that likes that kind of guy is going to have nothing to do with me. I have eliminated all the possibilities on that one.

I was standing at the stop with a frail looking lady who appeared to be somewhere in her mid to late 60’s. She looked tired, worn down by life, skinny as a rail, really nothing left of her. She wore a bandana so I assumed she was receiving some sort of chemotherapy. As the bus approached I said, “You first”. She said, “Thank you young man” and got on the bus ahead of me. As it turned out there were only two seats on the bus so we ended up sitting right next to each other. During the twenty minute ride across the city, we chatted. She told me she had breast cancer and had two radical mastectomies. She described the violent sickness she suffered after the treatments and how her husband was too busy working at his own business to have time for her. “Enjoy life while you can young man. Don’t be afraid to take a chance. Go for it as you young people say. My life didn’t turn out at all like I thought it would. I was such a free spirit when I was your age. It was the 60’s. Free love was new. All sorts of boundaries were being broken. It was a time of flower power, black power and so many new things that life flowed like a river swollen from a rain storm that swept you along at high speed with very little control.” “Wow”, I said, “Were you a Hippie?” “Yes, I was” she said. “And a pretty hot one at that time. I took a lot or risks and did things my parents hated, but I was so much happier in that life than I am now.” The bus reached her stop and I stood up to let her out. She looked at me and said, “I would give anything to be that person again.”

Once again her eyes turned red as we made eye contact and time stood still. In front of me she grew beautiful double EE’s. At least double EE’s. I a pretty bad judge of breast sizes. Let’s just say those babies were unencumbered in her NORML t-shirt. She grew at least two inches. I guess that was how tall she was before her bones became arthritic and she shrank. She had long golden hair down to a spectacular ass. A headband and hip hugger bell bottom jeans that were so low cut I wasn’t sure I saw a hint of pubic hair in the front and I could clearly see the crack of the beautiful, soft ass. She had this gigantic carpet bag purse and purple tinted sun glasses straight off the face of Janice Joplin. I started growing taller and taller. I had to stoop in the bus quite a bit. I was at least 6’ 3” and skinny as a rail. I was amazed as my fingers elongated to help form a very long thin hand. My hair turned black and formed a huge “afro”, my skin darkened into a rich mocha, my lips puffed out, my nose flattened out and I grew the biggest black cock you could imagine. My clothes turned into a rust velour suit with a matching fedora. My woman, a hot white chick was right in front of me on the bus and I said, “comon bitch, lits move” and squeezed that fuckable ass.

She was a rich college girl from the mid-west. If her daddy knew she was getting tapped by my black snake, he’d have a conniption! I guess those white girls like somethin different and for her, I was as different as it gets. I have a couple of baby mommas around, but now she was my regular squeeze and squeeze we did. Yo mamma. Elizabeth, or Bett as I called her got off that bus and looked like the finest thing on the street that day. I strolled, and strolling is how I moved, off the bus and met her on the corner. “Lee,” I hated it when she called me that, my name is Leroy, Lee makes me sound like a white boy, “Let’s go to the park, take a tab of acid and watch the people with something to do go by.” Now that sounded like a plan to me, cuz I got nothin to do, all day to do it and when we mellowed out, she RELEASED the black snake if you know what I mean. She didn’t walk as much as she sashayed, those hot white tits bobbing around under that shirt stopped all those businessmen in their tracks and caused them to stare at that magnificent chest without being caught. Sometimes she would smile at them, sometimes she flipped ‘em the bird.

We got to the park, found a bench that faced the sun, she grabbed some blotter acid out of her purse and in about 15 minutes we were zooming. The sun seemed to melt out of the sky, the sky turned different colors, a squirrel running by stopped to talk to us, for a while she had polka dot skin, it was all too beautiful. As we started to come to grips with reality we talked about the war and how immoral it was. All the brothers dying over there. We talked about going to a protest tomorrow and help distribute the underground newspaper, The Great Speckled Bird. When I was growin up in the ghetto, I wanted to make a difference. So now I’m stylin with this rich white chick who has tons of money. She calls daddy and it is like Aladdin’s Lamp, the money just appears. White chicks don’t fuck as good as black chicks but I ain’t lettin go of this meal ticket, not this nigger.

Bett, as usual was talkin up a storm. “Lee?” “Fuck that shit”, I said. “Lets go back to the pad, turn on the new Hendrix album and fuck the water right out of our water bed.” Now that was a plan. “I just have to do something about this country. When I finish my degree in political science, I’m going to do something to change the world.” I was thinkin I am going to change her world in about 15 minutes and it will take another 20 minutes after that.

The walk back to her apartment took up those 15 minutes and up to the third floor we went. It was cool. She had a great stereo, lots of records, dayglow posters, a black light, some cool bongs, all the acid you could want, plenty of food and nice furniture and a KING SIZE water bed for my KING SIZE dick.

She liked to be naked so no sooner were we in the apartment and she kicked off her shoes, pulled off the t-shirt releasing her girls. They hung halfway down her chest, almost to her belly button and had enormous nipples. She unbuckled her leather belt, slid out of her hip huggers to reveal her beautiful blonde bush. She had to jump up to pull my hat off my head, got behind me, slid my coat off and threw it on the floor, unbuttoned my shirt from behind and it joined my coat, started massaging my chest and pulled her boobs tight into my back. Soon enough she unbuckled my pants and off they came too. Still behind me she reached past my bony ass, between my legs and got a hold of my rope. It was nine inches long flaccid and I’m not even sure how long it was when it got hard and she was workin on getting the mother fucker hard. Now I don’t know what it is about white girls from the mid-west but they have cock sucking skills that can’t be beat. Black girls just don’t suck cock like white bitches. She came around, faced me, got down on her knees as started to suck. She had both hands on my cock near my balls. One hand almost on my balls and the other further up the shaft. She still couldn’t take all the rest but what she did was amazing. I was thinkin my bitch that could suck the tow ball of a trailer hitch. I never got tired of lookin down on that beautiful blonde hair working that black mambo. Now she had me nice and hard and couldn’t even kneel in front of me because she couldn’t reach the top of my pecker when she was on her knees. She stood up, held my dick and pulled me to the water bed.

“Ladies choice first”, she said with that beautiful smile and perfect teeth. In my basso profundo voice, I said, “There will be a lot of choices today.” She crawled on the edge of the bed, got on all fours, stuck her pussy at me and said “FUCK ME”. She had become quite the little fuck bunny under my direction. I slid that big cock in until it ran out of room. There was still enough of it outside her pussy to get my hand around and keep gliding it in and out. It was slick and slimy from her juices. At first she just took it but soon enough she was working that ass and telling me how much she loved to fuck my big black cock. She was hopping around pretty good and we were both really lubed up and she said, “Now my ass”. I could get less than half in that tight ass, but she loved it. Ten minutes into the ass fucking, she said, “Lay on the bed.” I laid on my back and she mounted that flag pole. Riding me she could take most of it in and man could she move. Sliding backwards and forwards as I slid in and out of her. She was moaning and lustily saying, “Yeah baby, Yeah baby”. Now I know she came at least three times during that session. Now I was ready to cum too. “Ok, daddy’s ready to bust a nut.” She jumped off my dick and clamped her lips on my dick and sucked for all she was worth. I liked to be sucked hard and she did not disappoint me. She sucked down every drop of cum. I don’t know how much I poured into her but it was a heap of cum for sure.

As soon as we finished I was exhausted and fell dead asleep. Elizabeth looked at Leroy and thought, “If my father knew about this he would kill the both of us. My parents are so Establishment. Dad’s such a big shot lawyer, church goer, community pillar. Too bad I know one of his pillars is used to insert in his 28 year old paralegal. Mom’s such a prude. Everything and everyone has to fit her mold. I just love coming home in my hip huggers and shirt without a bra. Especially when her card club is there. Smelling like pot when I walk through is an extra bonus. She always like my high school boyfriend. Had she known I fucked him almost every single day and sucked off a couple of his buddies, she might not have liked him so much. I wonder what they would have done if they knew I blew one of my dad’s law partners are the firm’s Christmas party last year. They thought I was not feeling well. I think Atty. VanGrbig thought I felt just fine. When this is all over, I’m heading to D.C. and I’m going to change the world. Educate the poor, help stop the war, get rid of discrimination, take the money from the fat cats and give it to the people who need it.” Elizabeth had endless energy and like lots of hippie girls she liked to be naked. She fired up a joint, plopped herself down on the couch and started reading the latest copy of Rolling Stone. John Lennon was on the cover with this World War I helmet on, his wire rim glasses smoking a cigarette. She was thinking, “I’m probably never going to have another dick like Leroy’s in my life. I’ll have to go back to my former life, not in the mid-west but as a white girl of means and use that to accomplish my goals. It will never be the same as the freedom I have here 400 miles from home at a wild city and university. I do believe in free love and I can make love to anyone I want, but this is the most electric feeling ever. It is like getting high when I get that cock inside me. Nearly a religious experience”, she thought giggling to herself. She wasn’t into a lot of self-stimulation. In the free love world of the hippies, there was always someone to be with. She was thinking that in high school she only had three guys. Since she got here two years ago she figured it was about 20 more. Since she met Leroy two months ago, the only thing she wanted was him. They did it two or three times a day. She would do anything for him. She didn’t know how dangerous that thought was.

I woke up after about two hours. She was standing at the stove, naked as usual. She rarely wore clothes inside the apartment. Like I did almost every time I saw her, I started to get hard. I ambled up behind her, stuck my cock under her ass and gently slapping it against her pussy. “I’m cooking” she protested, but I felt her spread her feet a little wider for me. While I was patting that pussy, she started to rub the end of my cock between her thumb and forefinger. Things were heating up and I said, “Better turn that stove off, we don’t want two things boiling over.” She shut off the gas, put her hands on the edges of the stove, spread her legs, bent over, reached back and guided me into her already wet pussy. As I entered her I bent over and from behind gave her nipples the attention they deserved. I could smell that blonde hair. For a black guy, that blonde white girl look is something special. I thought about making her one of my baby momma’s and selling her from time to time for money. But right now, she was all mine. I’m really in the mood and I’m ramming her pretty good. “Uhh, Uhhh, Uhh, Uhh,” she grunts with each thrust. She was lovin it, as usual. This one was just straight sex and in 10 minutes, we were both ready to explode. Once again I emptied a load in her as she came in a screaming orgasm. I know the neighbors heard us but it didn’t matter, I was proud of having this flower child awesome looking chick as mine.

There was a knock on the door and, with my cum dripping out of her, naked as usual, she went over to answer the door expecting a couple of her hippie friends who came over late in the day for a free meal and play some guitar. As she opened the door, I heard her shriek, “DADDY.” Her father pushed his way into the apartment and said, “For God’s sake Elizabeth put some clothes on!” He wheeled on me and said, “This is IT for you boy.” I don’t know if it was the shock of the situation or the fact that this ended a phase in Elizabeth’s life, but with tears forming, she looked me in the eyes, her eyes turned red and time stood still once again.

As we got off the bus, I held her hand to help her down the step as she was so frail. When we got onto the sidewalk she kept holding my hand, pulled her closer and said, “I just had the most incredible life like memory. It was like we were there together and so amazingly real. I needed to feel that again one more time. I am sure my days are numbered but having that feeling so fresh and so real makes me forget how dim things are now, and how bright they were at one time. Thank you young man” and she turned and dissapeared into the crowded street.

My thoughts raced until I got to work and got myself ready for my shift. (cont.)